

dashing up then, his horse all covered with foam. It was the fourth prisoner. His guard had been among the whites, and had allowed him to escape, firing in the air as the prisoner escaped from the rear of the war party. The savages now came in sight, an immense number, confident of victory because they were so strong. The missionary said, "My children, the Indians are very strong and great in number. But fight bravely. You have a Father above who sees this battle. Trust in Him. Die if you must, but die bravely."

With fierce yells the savages surrounded the little camp. They did not dream that a handful of men behind a barricade of wooden carts could cause them to retreat after killing the bravest of their warriors. For five hours bullets whistled back and forth over the heads of the men kneeling in the shelter of the carts. The Indians had begun the battle confident of victory, but as the time went on and warrior after warrior was killed, their courage grew faint. Late in the afternoon they said, "Let us go back; it is of no use to fight them. They have a Manitou with them."

They began to retreat, and by evening all was peaceful where the battle had been. But the hunters knew that on the morrow the attack would be renewed, and so did not let this deceive them.